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THE LEHIGH BUBBLER



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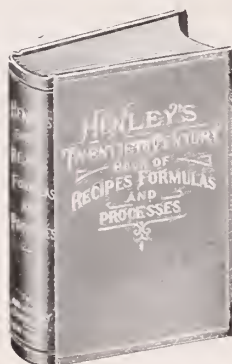
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"My dear, will you be faithful to the end?"

"Can't. I'm wearing the quarterback's fraternity pin."

—Red Cat.

—BURR—

AN ARTIST

He: "I'm an expert landscape artist when it comes to gardens."

She: "May I see some of your work sometime?"

He: "O. K. Meet me under the old oak to-nite at 11."

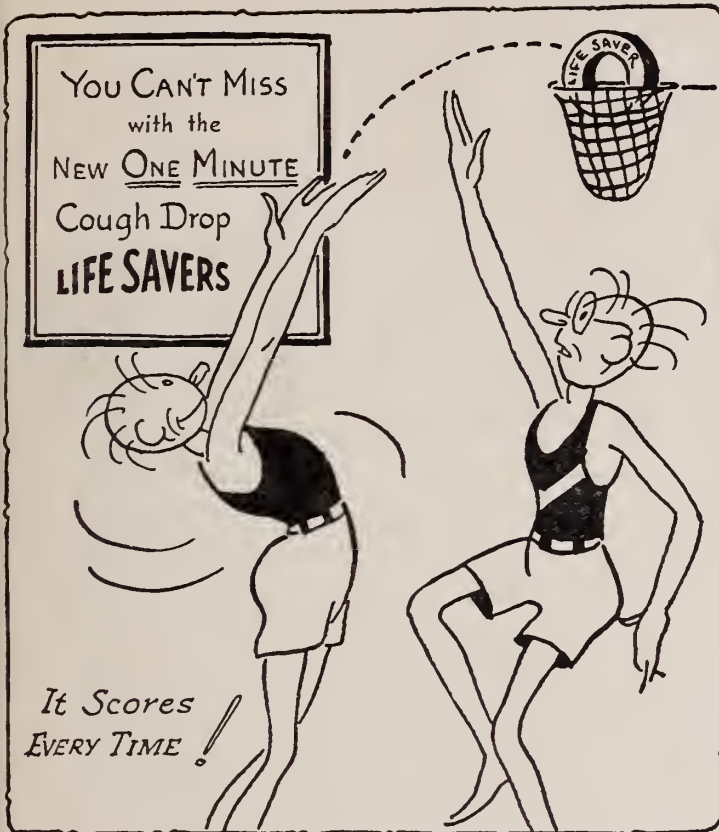
—Red Cat.

—BURR—

"Goodness, George! This is not our baby! This is the wrong carriage."

"Shut up! This is a better carriage."

—S. C. Wampus.



Amy: Why did you lose at strip poker?

Nancy: I discarded at the wrong time."

—Show-Me.

—BURR—

OH, YEAH?

"Tom," said the beautiful coed, as she snuggled up to his side in the shady nook, "What do you think of Einstein's theory of relativity?"

—Rammer-Jammer.

—BURR—

The scene is at the dormitory of a certain girl's school in the state—near Blacksburg, to be more exact. The matron is sitting in her office, scowling. There is heard a knock at the door.

"Come in," snaps the stern-faced old dame, and a sweet-looking young girl walks bashfully into the room.

"Who are you?" asked the matron.

"Please, Mam," was the reply, "the Superintendent sent me here to be maid."

"Nothin' doin'," retorted the matron. "Too many of the girls here are that way now!"

—Skipper.



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He (hands over her eyes): If you can't guess who
this is in three guesses, I'm going to kiss you.

She: Jack Frost, Davy Jones, Santa Claus.

—Claw.

—BURR—

BLANK VERSE

Mary had a little lamb,
It's fleece was white as snow,
It followed Mary to the well
One day.
It fell down the well.
Mary looked down into the well:
"Hello, Lamb," said Mary.
"Hello, Mary," said the lamb.

—Gargoyle.

—BURR—

But Professor, how do you get down from a
camel?

You don't get down from a camel; you get down
from a duck.

—Longhorn.

Salesman: "Ladies and gentlemen! I have here
the famous Kantbreak flexible comb that will stand
any kind of treatment. You can bend it double—
you can hit it with a hammer—you can twist it—
you can—"

Interested listener (interrupting): "Say, can you
comb your hair with it?"

—Bored Walk.

—BURR—

Add to the famous faux pas:

Toastmaster, introducing speaker: "I'm sure Mr.
Jones, of the Soils and Fertilizer Department, will
give us a pleasant half-hour. He's just full of his
subject."

—Green Gander.

—BURR—

Serious minded individual: "Say, I hear Al Smith
has his eye on the President's chair again."

Student: "That's nothing. Look what Hoover has
on it now."

—Sun Dial.

❁ A Fair Exchange ❁
Is No Robbery



❁ But this is an Excellent ❁
Exchange

—LAFAYETTE LYRE.



"WHY HELLO THERE ELEANOR, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?"

—Yale Record.

—BURR—

Five men were trapped in the stokehole of a big boat. All ventilators and doors had become jambed. The members of the rescue party estimated that the temperature of the air in the hole after the period of inclosure was close to 300 degrees. When the rescue party finally succeeded in breaking down the door, they found four men dead, and one, a slightly built person, as lively as ever. The leader of the rescue party examined the strong looking dead men, and then turned to the weak looking man and asked, "How did you manage to survive this intense heat and hot air when these four strong looking men couldn't?"

The man replied, "I was a Senator for four years."

—Octopus.

WHJOOPS, MY DJEAR!

GJET A BJARREL!

Bjornson Bjornsternee was swjimmin'—

Hjis cjostume he llooked vjery sljim in.

Sjome djames hjappened bjy—

Tjook hjis djuds on thje sljy—

Njow he's shjouting, "to JJJJ wjith thje wjimmin'!"

—Jack-o-Lantern.

—BURR—

Red Agitator: Down with capitalism!

Joe College: And punctuation too!

—Pitt Panther.

—BURR—

"Did she marry the janitor?"

"Yes, he swept her off her feet."

—Froth.

—BURR—

Advertisement in a newspaper:
"Eskimo Spits Pups for ten dollars apiece."

—Satyr.

—BURR—

THE LUMBERJACK'S LOVE STORY

He wood and it was oak with her.

—Punch Bowl.

—BURR—

The young woman kissed the man goodbye before boarding the train. As she sat down in the Pullman, she burst into tears. Noticing that she had a wedding ring on her finger, the sympathetic conductor said, "Does it distress you so much to leave your husband?" . . . "I'm not leaving my husband," she sobbed, "I'm going back to him!"

—Siren.

FOR BETTER OR FOR NORSE

Ban Bjordson Bjordson, the traveling salesman, drove his Fjord up to the palace gates. "Why, King, you're a new one on me. My last trip it was King Haakon. Who are you?"

"I," said the king, "am King Hoke."

"Well," replied the salesman, "great Hokes from little Haakons grow, don't they? I've left my best Stockholm, but Woden you like to see my new men's apparel line?"

"No," said Hoke, slamming the door in his face. "Don't get Thor about it," returned the doughty Ban, as he spied a Swede little girl on the palace steps.

"Oh my Great Dane!" said the Swede little girl, or the little Swede girl, "are you an admiral in the Scandinavy?"

"No, but I'm on the last Lapps," said our warrior.

And that was the Druid, the whole Druid, and nothing but the Druid.

—Juggler.

—BURR—

The chemistry professor, examining his class, asked the question: "Suppose you were called to attend a patient who had swallowed a heavy dose of oxalic acid. What would you administer?" "The Sacrament!" came a muffled reply from the rear.

—Beanpot.

NERTS TO YOU

A young fellow came rushing into the asylum. Like a maniac he grabbed the doctor and screamed, "Quick, lock me up. Put me in a padded cell. I'm goin' nuts!"

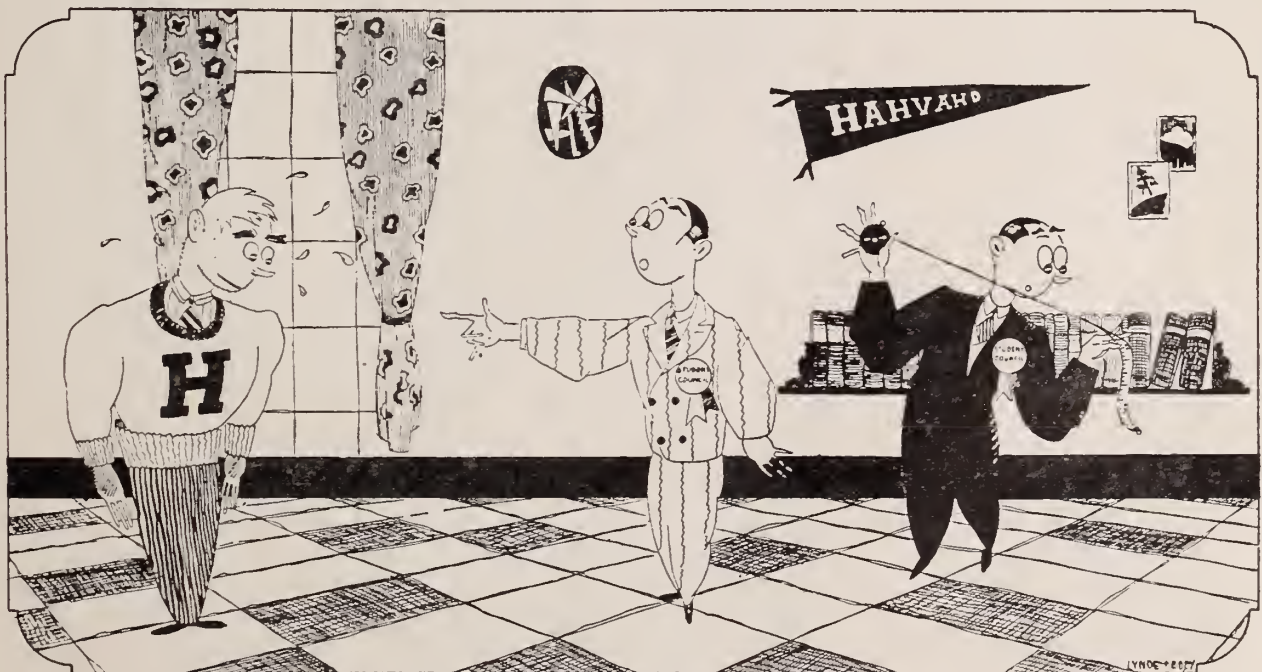
"What's the matter?" said the asylum doctor.

"I'll tell you how it is. I met a young widow with a grown-up step-daughter and I married the widow. Then my father married our step-daughter. That made my wife the mother-in-law of her father-in-law, and made my step-daughter my step-mother, and my father became my step-son. Then my step-mother, the step-daughter of my wife, had a son. That boy was my brother, as he was my father's son, but he was also the son of my wife's step-daughter, and, therefore, her grandson. Then my wife had a son, my brother-in-law.

"The step-sister of my son is also his grandmother, because he is her step-son's child. My father is the brother-in-law of my child, because the step-sister is his wife. I am the brother of my own son, who is also the child of my grandmother.

"I am my mother's brother-in-law, my wife's own child's aunt, my son is my father's nephew, and I am my own grandfather, and I can't stand it. I'm goin' nuts."

—Purple Parrot.



Dumb: "What are the Harvard Classics?"

Stude: "The football games with Yale and the Army."—Exchange

—Carnegie Tech. Puppet.

Murder in the Stable

(Courtesy COLUMNS)

Explaining the rules of
a new game that will
simply kill you, if you
get the point, my dear.



WHAT A LOVELY WORKSHOP



STRANGLE HER GENTLY

"I'll lug the guts into the next room."
—Hamlet to Mrs. Hamlet, Sr.,
in Hamlet.

....(Editor's Note: Mr. Daggett is undoubtedly the nation's foremost authority on this fascinating new game of "Murder." His researches and experiments in this field have marked him as an expert. He has done for "Murder" what Messrs. Culbertson and Lenz have recently accomplished for bridge.)

Decades ago, in the Gay Nineties, before I was born, I predicted that someday "Murder" would come into its own as a national pastime I prophesied that it would closely follow the vogue of the Empress Eugenie hats, and would contest or transcend the popularity of bridge. And I was laughed at. Nobody believed me. "That crazy Daggett boy," people use to whisper, as I potted in my workshop. But if I ever got them inside my workshop, they never muttered it again.

Finally, "Murder" began to come into its own, and look at it now. View the progress it has made in Chicago, New York, and canal houseboats. And by "it," I mean "that." Exactly. Who taught those Chicago boys how to play the game, and play it without finessing? Who replaced the bridge and football dummy with an honest-to-goodness corpse, or several corpses? Well, modestly—I won't tell. I won't! I won't! Ouch! Ouch! All right then, I did! Who murdered the first patron and patroness? Who murdered the host who wouldn't let me play murder at a party? Who murdered the Vanity Fair editor because he wanted me to rewrite this and call it "Murder in the Stable?" And juries don't convict me very often, either. Why? Because I'm never short on my income tax returns. I haven't any income. I'm an amateur.

All right, now you've got some background to go on, but I'm not telling anyone just how this game should be played. You can think up new and original quirks as you go along. If you can't, you hadn't better play the game at all. At least that's what a number of policemen have told me. I'm just telling you how I play it.

MURDER IN THE PARLOR:

You have involved yourself in a bridge party by some mistake; you thought it was going to be a Games party, you were tight when you answered the phone, or you thought Something to drink was to be served.

Very well, you have accepted the invitation, and find yourself playing bridge. The first hand is dealt. You hold eight cards of one suit and a royal flush in another. You perk up, take the bid and play a masterful game. As you sweep in the twelfth trick, your male opponent finds he is one card short, upsets the table and demands a re-deal. The card is later found in the corpse's vest.

The conditions are now perfect for your purposes. You have established your motive. You lean across the righted table and ask him if he has heard the latest Aimee McPherson joke. The ladies will immediately excuse themselves and leave the room.

You tell the joke slowly, building carefully up to the point. He will throw his head back and break into paroxysms of gusty laughter, as if he hadn't heard it before. Now is the time for the excitement, and you must act quickly or he will finesse you.

Reach over his shoulder and snap out the lights with your left hand, and then force your right

hand well into his throat, starting at his mouth, first being sure that you have the entire deck of cards in your hand. "This is my trick, you dummy!" You giggle in his ear. This is called forcing your opponent's ace, or, as I play it, "Down Your Throat."

Now, walk into the hall, and kiss the first woman you encounter in the darkness. When the lights are switched on, you will be found guilty. But you will not be guilty, because you acted guilty! Follow me? Or maybe you haven't read S. S. Von Dyne.

(Please see accompanying diagram.)

MURDER IN THE STABLE:

This is elemental. You are down in the basement, or stable of Commerce Hall. You are waiting for the editor of *Vanity Fair*, in his stall. He is horsing around in the hall. (Don't blame me, blame the editor. It was his idea this stable business.) The editor finally comes into his sanctum and puts his feet on the desk, not neglecting to sit down first.

"NO, I haven't read your story yet," he says defiantly, "and I don't think much of it anyway. You'd better write another and call it 'Murder in the Bathroom.' Now get out of here!"

He gets two more chances before you can play Murder with him, according to Rule No. 3 in my chapbook, "Mussy Morning Murdering." Even if it wasn't Rule No. 3 in my chapbook it would only be good sportsmanship to give one chance, unless you are in a hurry. The last time you see him, before rigor mortis sets in, the interview will go something like this:

"Yes, yes. come in. I want to see you," and he beckons you in. "Now about that story you wrote, 'Beds of Pansies.' Can you touch it up just a little?"



"WILL YOU CUT, PLEASE?"



WE TOSS HER UNDER THE TABLE

"But I didn't write 'Beds of Pansies'." The knife is clutched in the right hand as you hitch your chair close to his. "Have you read 'Murder in the Stable' yet?"

"NO," he said (And from now on it will be perfectly proper, even good taste, to refer to the editor in the past tense), and then he added, "—but it looks to me as if it'll have to be re—" But, strangely enough, the editor stops, and doesn't say any more, anymore.

You can carve Homer Clitch's initials on his breastbone without breaking any rules, but I have added a clause to Rule No. 18 in my chapbook strictly prohibiting scalping, or cutting off ears without first obtaining permission from the dean.

Kick him a few times and leave through the window, forgetting the knife in your hurry. This is a clue for the police. It had Homer Clitch's initials on it.

Good stuff. If you can think of any more original way of doing the job, why by all means don't let anyone talk you out of it. The faculty may be rather nasty for a while. The registrar's office may even add two dollars to your fees

to cover the extra janitor work. On the other hand, nothing may come of it at all.

MURDER UNDER THE TABLE: You are invited to a surprise party on an elderly matron. The party is arranged by the matron's friend who is going to cheer the matron up while her daughter is out of town. You are the first couple to arrive, being an hour late. The rest of the guests come two hours after. Introductions are carried along Round-Robin fashion, another hour. Meanwhile, your partner goes to sleep wrong side up on the davenport.

The youngest guest is twelve and the oldest will be seventy-six come next Michaelmas. Bridge is the game, and you assist breaking out the card tables, amputating three fingers on the One With The Shaky Leg. The hostess discovers she has made the conventional mistake—there is An Odd Person. The guests potter vaguely around the room bleating "No, no, take my place—I didn't want to play bridge anyway," until the hostess screams, faints, and is car-

(Continued on Page 26)

"You look rather broken up. What is wrong?"

"I wrote home for money for a new study lamp."

"Well, what of it?"

"They sent me a study lamp."
—Siren.

—BURR—

A Testimony: "Before, my friends used to walk across the street to avoid meeting me; crowds dispersed when I approached; my best friends wouldn't tell me."

"But, now people walk miles to greet me; my friends compliment me; crowds gather around me—since I began buying my own cigarettes."

—Sour Owl.

—BURR—

A man who had just checked out of a room in a hotel discovered the fact that he had left his umbrella in the recently vacated room. He went up to recover the lost article. He paused in the hall as he overheard the conversation of some newlyweds who had replaced him in the room.

"Whose little eyebrows are those?"

"Yours."

"Whose little eyes are those?"

"Yours."

"Whose little nose is that?"

"Yours."

"Whose little lips are those?"

"Yours."

"Whose little neck is that?"

"Yours."

At this point the man outside interrupted the conversation with, "And when you come to an umbrella, that's 'mine'."

—Arizona Kitty Kat.

STICK WITH IT

A man had been waiting patiently in the post office but could not attract the attention of either of the girls behind the counter.

"The evening cloak," explained one of the girls to her companion, "was a redingote design in gorgeous brocade, with fox fur and wide pagoda sleeves."

At this point the long-suffering customer broke in with: "I wonder if you could provide me with a neat red stamp with a dinky perforated hem, the tout ensemble treated on the reverse with gum arabic? Something about two cents."

—Puppet.



"HAS THE CANARY HAD ITS BATH YET?"
"YES MA'AM, YOU CAN COME IN NOW."

—Carnegie Tech. Puppet.



"DON'T BE SO PARTICULAR JO, TAKE THE NEW YORK TIMES."

—Lyre.

SIGN POSTED ON A FARM

Fliver and ottymobile picichers will be persecuted to the full extent of two mean mongrel dogs which ain't never been ovarily soshibel with strangers and one dubble barle shotgun which ain't loaded with no sofy pillows. Dam if I ain't tired of this hell raisin on my farm.

—Green Gander.

—BURR—

Wedding Guest—"This is your fourth daughter to get married isn't it?,"

Mac Tight—"Aye, and our confetti's gettin awfu' gritty."

—The Bison.

—BURR—

"Ah ha, now I have you in my grip," cried the crafty villian as he placed his sweetheart's picture in his satchel.

—The Wet Hen,

—BURR—

The girls at Barnord College — 482 of them — picked as their ideal man one who has culture, money, good looks, and a sense of humor. Poor girls! Can't they realize that that isn't a man? It's just a dream.

—Wampus.

—BURR—

He (bitterly bewailing his vicissitudes): "There ain't no justice!"

She (sweetly regaling her lassitude): "But we need one, dear."

—Jack-o-Lantern.

A MORON?

In a small town in the south there was a lad who had the reputation of not being very bright. People there had fun with him several times a day by placing a dime and a nickel on the open palm of his hand and telling him to take his pick of the two. In each case the lad would pick the nickel, and then the crowd would laugh and guffaw.

A kind-hearted woman asked him one day: "Don't you know the difference between a dime and a nickel? Don't you know the dime, though smaller, is worth more?"

"Sure I know it," he answered, "but they wouldn't try me out on it anymore if I ever took the dime."

—Punch Bowl.

—BURR—

CRISIS!

He made a quick turn and his worst fears were realized. There they stood, a black, hulking, towering, scowling line of them. There was no turning back now,—he must go with the current. He looked deep into the eyes of the girl in his arms and his jaw set in a grim line of determination. He gave her hand a reassuring squeeze and set himself for the ordeal. Faster and faster went his feet and a sob of relief escaped from his tight drawn lips as he guided her to safety. The stag line was passed and she was his for another turn around the floor!

—Juggler.



A pan full of green apples.

—Wampus.

Platinum Preferred

But Brunettes or Red-Heads Will Do

An Interview With Jean Harlow

"Get off my lap," she screamed.

"Alright," I returned. I always return things. Well—anyway—small things. "Alright, but I won't come back tomorrow."

"I don't care. Only puhleeze get off my lap."

"Why? What's all the rush about? It isn't five o'clock yet," I soliloquized. I love soliloquies. Did you ever eat them with burnt toast? S'marvelous.

"Please," she yowled, "Please. I got a pin in me. Oooowwuuch! Get off!—Oooowwu—"

"O. K.," I cried, snapping to attention and springing from her lap to the floor below. You see we were sitting on the mantelpiece over the fireplace.

I looked at her platinum tinted hair. My artists soul arose within me. (First floor—hair brushes, knick-knaks and run-down men's underwear. Second floor—women's you-knows, this and that and still some more. Third floor—hair oil, auto tires, pearl beads and Christmas neckties. Fourth floor—going up—). You get the idea, don't you?

"Put your arms around me," she gently sighed.

"You're not conscious, are you?" I replied with heat. "I've had them around you for the last half hour."

She turned her lips up to me. "Kiss me, kiss me, ki—"

"Well———."

If you folks will pardon us for a few moments, me and the girl friend will step out on the balcony for a smoke. She's very nervous and anyhow—you understand. You were once a father, too. Or was it three? Four? You have my sympathies. Why don't you read a few books?

Out on the balcony we could see the stars and the panorama of New York unfolded itself like a vast blue print. The twinkle of millions of candlepower. The balck haze with its little specs of color. The steady toot-toot of auto horns. A symphony of shrill policemen's whistle. This was life.

"I'm goofy about you Jean," I whispered as my right arm stole around her waist. My left arm is honest. It would never steal. Even when they play poker together; my left arm and my right, who always wins? My right. Because it is always cheating.

"What do you mean—Jean? My name isn't Jean," she said.

"Isn't Jean?" I faltered.

"No. It's Rosalie."

"Then you're not Jean Harlow," I cried as the light hit me right square flush in the face.

"No," she replied, "I'm her secretary."

"Pardon me," I sobbed brokenly, clearing my throat. "Pardon me. I think I hear some one calling me."

I rushed in from the balcony. Defeat stared me in the face. I stared right back at him.

"How do ye do," said defeat.

"And for that matter, right back at you," I returned, my Irish blood full of boils.

"Listen mister," came back he, "I'm unemployed. I got five wives and one child. I haven't eaten at the Ritz for nearly four hours now. Would you buy one of my conteloupes?"

"I'm sorry buddy," I replied. "I never could agree with Mellon. You see, I'm a Democrat."

"That's all right mister. I'm a W. C. T. U. myself."

Whereupon we both fell upon each other and wept with gusto. How I love to cry with these foreigners.

When I woke up I was in a quandry. Tomorrow night I will sleep in a stable. How are the beds over at your place!

But tsk, tsk, enough of this shilly-shallying and dilly-dallying my pretty pigeons. On to Jean Harlow. Of course we're on to Jean, Who isn't?

"Listen, Miss Harlow," I expostulated (I hadn't expostulated in weeks, and it was quite a revelation). Do I have revelations—Look! There's Aunt Susy—and Uncle Moe—Not to mention Joie, and Sol—and of course, Herbie—

"Listen, Jean," I began again, "I came a long way to interview you. Give a guy a break."

"Speaking of breaks," began La Harlow, "Did you know that last summer I broke my nose in three places."

"You should stay out of such places," I retorted. (We will now hear the treasurer's retort).

Saying which I calmly sat on her lap. It's an old custom of mine, this lap-sitting. Of course you've heard of Gershwin's Lap-Sitting In Blue.

She put her arms around me.

"Ah," I breathed. Also an old habit of mine. Even my worst enemy won't tell me. Ah—this must be love!

"Won't you interview me," sighed the One and

Only pure platinum.

"How about tomorrow night?" I queried.

"Now," she insisted in her New England dialect, "Now, now, now no—"

"Would you like to be interviewed in Spanish or French?" I asked thus displaying my linguistic talents. Strike that clause out. (Some of you will get that crack and then again some won't. Oh, well.)

"Spanish, if you please," she calmly requested.

"And what if I don't please."

"And for that matter what if you do please," she punned.

"This could go on for days—and days—and days, but I do not choose to run," said yours ever.

"You mean—pun, don't you," shouted Goldi-

locks in my ear. "But how about interviewing me in Spanish."

"Senorita," I began, "Voulez-vous aketay ayay alkway ithway emay."

"Any day."

"Providing it doesn't rain," I supplied.

"Oh, yes," she answered, planting a nice juicy kiss. Right on this spot.

At this point my wife waltzed in, and love passed out the window.

As I went, I solemnly sang a new American Hymn, which I have dedicated especially to Jean: "There might be a depression in STOCKS, but there ain't no depression in BLONDES."

—Temple Owl.



"Quick, bartender, some port!"

"Red port or white port?"

"Any old port in a storm!"

—So. California Wampus.



THE LEHIGH BURR

VOL. XLIV

MARCH, 1932

NO. 7

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Issued during the college year by the students of Lehigh University in the following months: September, October, November, December, January, February, March, April, May and June.

Subscription. Two and a Quarter Dollars.

The Lehigh Burr is entered at the Post Office at Bethlehem, Pa., as second class matter.

PRINTED BY THE LEHIGH PRINTING COMPANY, BETHLEHEM, PENNA.

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Hear, Hear!!

This, Wee Burro's "Exchange Issue" was designed that you and you and you and even you might get an inkling of what other poor collegiates have to endure. And to show you how bad it might be for you, dear reader, some of these "comics" represented herein are issued as often as every two weeks.

Variety is the spice of LIFE and the BURR so we offer Lehigh the humor of collegiate America, and Wee Burro thinks he's clipped a crack or sketch from about every campus whether "smooth or shaggy."

Even though the Scotch influence is evident from the cover it's a "Fair Exchange" and you may get a glimpse of comic "master" minds as well as comic "feeble" minds at work and at play. Read on, you'll see Wee Burro's right!

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

The Burr wishes to acknowledge its indebtedness to the following magazines for material used in this number:

Arizona Kitty Cat—University of Arizona
 Awgwan—University of Nebraska
 Banter—Colgate University
 Battalion—Texas A. & M.
 Bean Pot—Boston University
 Belle Hop—Bucknell University
 Bison—University of Buffalo
 Black and Blue Jay—Johns Hopkins University
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 Green Gander—Iowa State College
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 Juggler—Notre Dame University
 Log—U. S. Naval Academy
 Longhorn—University of Texas

Lord Jeff—Amherst College
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 Missouri Showme—University of Missouri
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 Oklahoma Aggrievator—Oklahoma A. & M. College
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 Sour Owl—University of Kansas
 South Dakota Wet Hen—University of South Dakota
 Sun Dial—Ohio State University
 Temple Owl—Temple University
 Tennessee Mugwump—University of Tennessee
 Wampus—University of Southern California
 Yellow Jacket—Georgia Tech.
 Yowl—Davidson College



ABSENT MINDED PROF. — "LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT MY ABERRATION."

—Okla. Whirlwind.

Written by a One Track Mind

She was only an Engineer's daughter but she was well Coached and knew how to Conductor self. Although she seemed Tender enough, she was a Freight of no man, and when they would Stack her up against them, she would Brakemen like nothing at all.

—Lyre.

—BURR—

"Did your mother tell you everything about men?"

"No, I'm a self educated woman."

"Okay, let's have that last lesson over again."

—Lyre.

—BURR—

"Would you like to sit on my right hand during dinner?"

"My god, not with that big ring on your finger."

—Tiger.

—BURR—

Frank: I don't see how you tell those Smith twins apart.

Hank: That's easy. Mabel always blushes when we meet.

—Princeton Tiger.

Plumber: "I've come to fix that old tub in the kitchen."

Young Son: "Mama, here's the doctor to see the cook."

—Yowl.

—BURR—

Prof. — "How many people are there in this country?"

Student—"Er-r-r-r-r—"

Prof.—"Hurry, hurry. Every second you dilly-dally the number grows larger."

—Dartmouth Jack O'Lantern.

—BURR—

Prof.: Will you men please stop exchanging notes in the back of the room?

Stude: Them ain't notes. Them's dollar bills. We're shooting crasps.

Prof.: Oh, pardon me.

—Longhorn.

—BURR—

Romance

"An' we'll have a bungalow just lousy wit' honey-suckles."

—Beanpot.

—BURR—

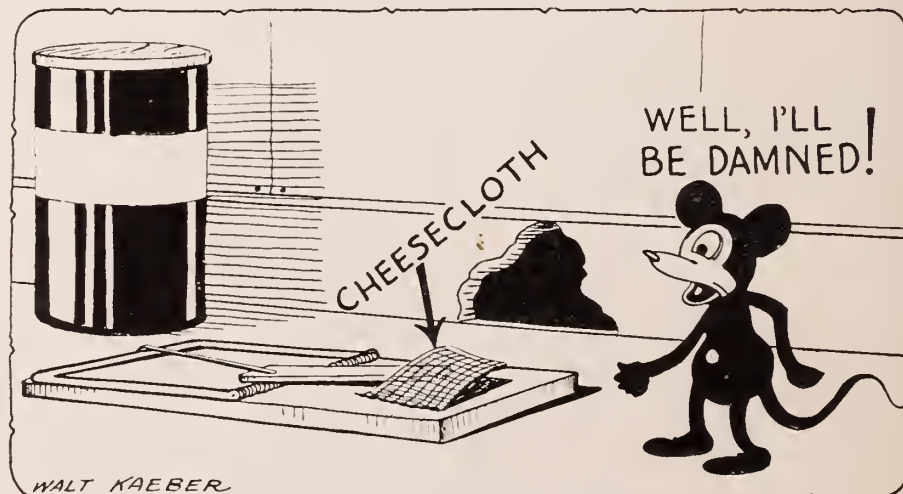
Tall: "What did the Mormon say when he said the Indians are coming?"

Short: "I don't know—what?"

Tall: "The Indians are coming!"

—Purple Parrot.

Phoeey! —Burr.



WALT KAEGER

Isn't this depression terrible?

—Black and Blue Jay.

Hiawatha 1932

On the shores of Coca-Cola
 Dwelt the Moxies in their wigwam,
 Old Sapolio, the Chieftain ,
 Pebeco, the Grizzled Chieftain,
 Pebeco, the Grizzled Prophet,
 And the warriors young and eager.

In the lodge of the old Chieftain,
 With Uneeda, more than mother,
 And Victrola, old and feeble,
 Lived the warmest of the maidens,
 Musterole, Sapolio's daughter,
 Musterole, the Sunkist Chiclet.

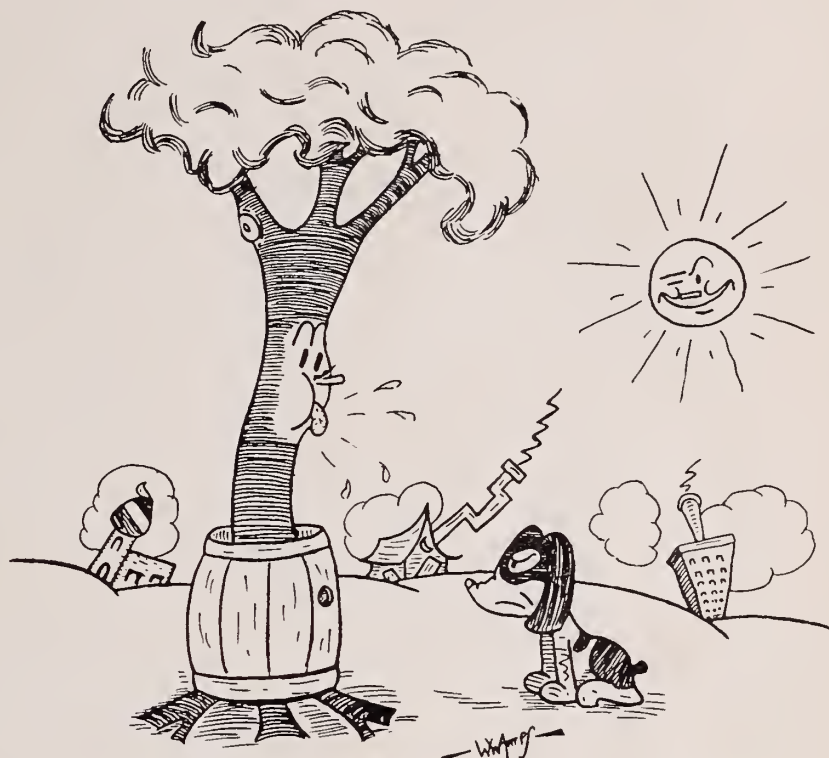
All the young men sought her favor,
 Left their troubles at her wigwam,
 Brought her Thermos skins for raiment,
 Bought her Tarvia for ointment.

And sweet Mustrole smiled on them.
 Smiled on Listerine and Valspar,
 Smiled but left them unrequited,
 For her love she gave to no one.

Then from Multibestos Mountains
 From the far heights of Texaco,
 Came the young chief, Instant Postum,
 Mightiest hunter in the forest,
 All superb in strength and beauty,
 He it was who trapped the Kodak,
 He who shot the great Sears Roebuck,
 Shot him with his swift Pierce Arrow,
 Eversharp, his trusty hatchet.

Every arrow head a Hot Point.
 O'er him gazed the Moxie maidens,
 Nujol poured her glowing glances,
 Bold Carbona sought to win him,
 Topkis brought him cakes and honey,
 But for Musterole yearned Postum,
 No Pyrene could quench the ardor
 That she kindled in his bosom.

Through the fields of ripe Wheatena,
 Through the Shredded Wheat they wandered,
 By the rippling Cuticura,
 There beneath Palmolive shadows
 From the bough she picked the Grape Nuts,
 There they saw the sun descending.
 Naught cared Postum for the ninth wind,
 Blowing through the Holeproof forests,
 Musterole was there beside him.



—Cornell Widow.

To his bosom quick he drew her,
 Whispered words of love aburning,
 Told her how he caught the Seal Pax,
 Told her how he'd slain Bull Durham,
 Told her how he'd trapped Ampico,
 Boasted of his father's tepee,
 With its sides of Mentholatum
 With its wings of soft Socony.

To him Musterole, a-quiver
 Listened, and her heart gave answer.
 All the warmth of love she gave him,
 All her Rubberset affection,
 Gave her heart to Instant Postum.
 There he wooed her, there he won her.

Passed the years in quick succession;
 Small Post Toasties came to bless them,
 Triplets, B. V. D., Gold Dust Twins,
 Little Beech Nut, Wrigley Spearmint,
 Vici Kid and Pluto Water.

These and other little Toasties
 Filled the wigwam with their laughter.

Advertising Age.

There's the wonderful love of a beautiful maid
 And the love of a staunch, true man;
 And the love of a baby that's unafraid—
 All have existed since time began.

But the most wonderful love, the love of loves,
 Even greater than that of a mother,
 Is the tenderest, infinite, passionate love
 Of one dead drunk for another. —Exchange.

—BURR—
 Here lies the crew
 Of the Nancy James.
 They called the captain
 Nasty names.

—BURR—
 Dickering, dickering, Doc,
 With patients lined up a block,
 With fits and conniptions,
 They wait for prescriptions.
 Liquor me, liquor me, doc."
 —Jack-o-Lantern.

—BURR—
 He stood on the bridge at midnight
 And tickled her face with his toes:
 For he was only a mosquito
 And he sat on the bridge of her nose. —Battalion.

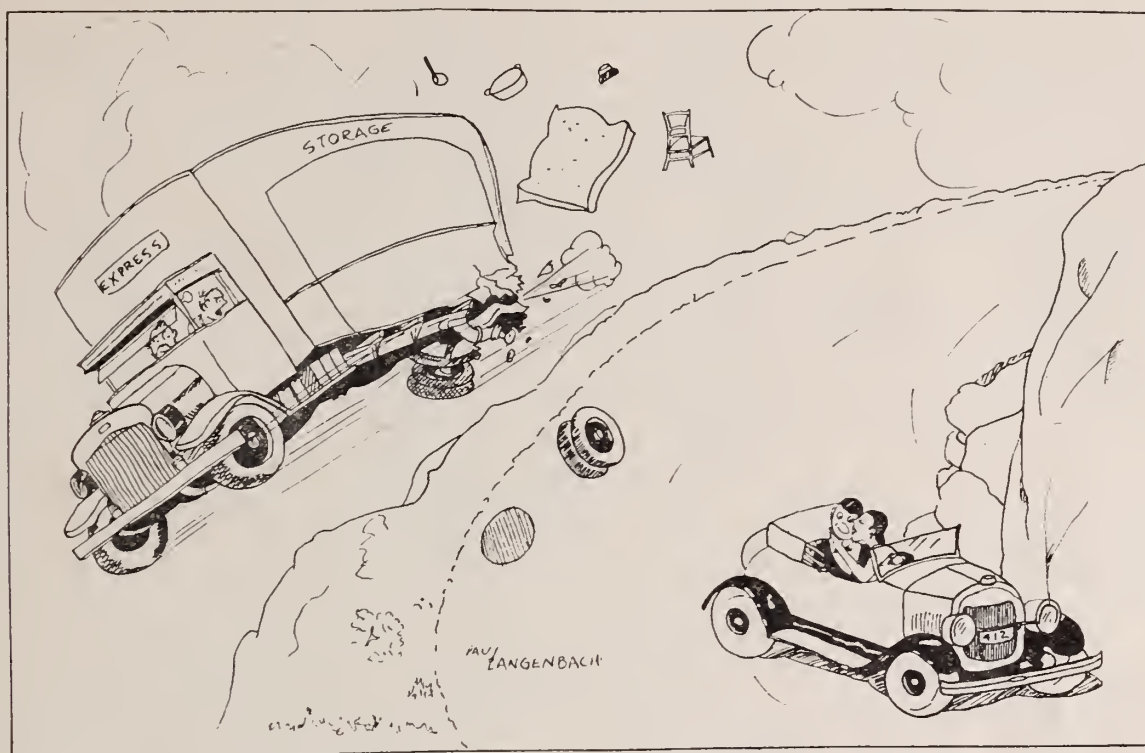
—BURR—
 In days of old
 When knights were bold
 And sheet-iron trousers wore,
 They lived in peace
 For then a crease
 Would last ten days or more.

In those old days
 They had the craze
 For cast-iron shirts—and wore 'em!
 And there was bliss
 Enough of this:
 The laundry never tore 'em.

—BURR—
 Short Short Poem
 FLEAS
 Adam
 Had-em

—Claw.

"Pomes"



Truck driver: "You see, Bill, there's the cause of most auto accidents."

—Washington U. Dirge.

Stout Woman: "I want to return this washing machine."

Salesman: "Why, what's wrong with it?"

Stout Woman: "Every time I get in the thing the paddles knock me off my feet!"

—Rensselaer Pup.

—BURR—

Once upon a time a certain man in a certain small town died. He was reputed to be the meanest man in the whole state—so mean, even, that he left no friends, and his relatives wouldn't own him.

The minister who was engaged to conduct the funeral service went all over town making inquiries, trying to find out something good to say about the deceased, but didn't succeed. At the funeral he got and said:

"Brethren and sisters, from all that I have been able to learn, the deceased brother who lies before was mean. He was very mean. No doubt, he was the meanest man in town. But let us, in all Christian charity, believe that at times he was meaner than he was at other times."

—Punch Bowl.

Queen Mary of England outside of inhabiting large hats, is a meticulous grammarian. At one time, visiting a military hospital during the late war, she had occasion to talk to a wounded Tommy, who was describing the manoeuvres at Ypres.

"There we was," he said "at Wipers . . ."

"Eepr," corrected the Queen.

The soldier hesitated, then continued, "When that attack began, they yanked us out of the town, but we soon marched back to Wipers . . ."

"Eepr," repeated the Queen.

The soldier went on, "And it was right there at Wipers . . ."

"Eepr," said the Queen again.

After several minutes, the Queen left. One of the doctors asked the soldier, "Well, what did you think of the Queen?"

"Oh, she's a fine lady," he said. "But it's a pity she has the hiccups so bad."

—Jack-o-Lantern.

—BURR—

Frosh: Please, m'am, do you take lodgers?

Lady: Why, are you a lodge man?

—Bored Walk.

He: Most of these senior big shots are rather small calibre.

Him: Yes, .32 bores!

—Froth.

—BURR—

Que.: What's the difference between a hobo and a college man?

Ans.: A hobo wears clothes that other men have worn out. A college man wears out other men's clothes.

—Purple Parrot.

—BURR—

"Wish we could find a fifth for bridge."

"You don't need a fifth for bridge!"

"Well, make it a pint, then."

—Juggler.

—BURR—

Recently down in Harvard there was quite a bit of disturbance in one of the apartment houses. It seems that a top-floor dweller one day came rushing into the office of the manager.

"The roof leaks!" shouted the irated top-floor man. "I want you to repair it at once."

"Roof leaks? Nonsense," retorted the manager. "None of the other people in the other flats say so."

—Jack-o-Lantern.

—BURR—

A piercing shriek echoed from the bathroom and sent chills up and down everyone's spine. They rushed in any found poor Ella on the floor in a huddled heap. They lifted her onto the bed, and, in a few minutes, haggard, with a terrified look in her eyes, she came to.

"Ella," cried her mother, "what happened?"

"Oh, mother! It was awful. I stepped into the bathroom and there I saw——"

"Yes?" Everyone strained forward, white as sheets. "You saw——?"

"Pink toothbrush," she hissed in a horrified whisper, and fell back in a faint.

—Punch Bowl.

—BURR—

Young man: I want to buy a diamond ring.

Salesman: Yes, sir, how would you like to buy one of our combination sets? Three pieces—engagement, wedding, and teething?

—Red Cat.

For years we both had a secret passion for each other. We never spoke; father forbade me even to go near her. At times, in some out of the way spot, far from the cares of life, we would meet . . . and enjoy ourselves as only true lovers know how. At times I would watch her from afar and admire silently the sudden toss of her shapely head moving about as her fancy suggested. The depth of her moist eyes seemed to me like beams of heaven-sent starlight. Her perfect figure was beyond reproach, beyond words, beyond everything.

How we adored each other . . . ah, life, thou art good to us at times! But even love can't last forever. On the night of the day before I was supposed to meet her I submitted to an urge . . . I wandered alone through the night, seeking, ever seeking, my censored love. How we adored each other . . . As I slowly opened the door, I saw her soft, lovely body all stretched out as if waiting for something, I knew not what. She looked so beautiful, so tender, so pure that I could not resist an impulse to rush forward . . . but where was the usual greeting? There was not even a whimper . . . instead, she did not move; she lay before me very cold . . . very still. My God, she was not even quivering. Oh death, where is thy sting? . . . Arabella was her name, and, by Jove, she was the best mare Dad ever had.

—Green Gander.

—BURR—

Student (to Math Prof): I say, Prof, how's trigs?

—Froth.



"BAWL ROOM, PLEASE."

—Lafayette Lyre.



"PARDON ME FOLKS, I WASHED MY HARE BEFORE THE ACT, AND I CAN'T DO A THING WITH IT."

—Temple Owl.

—BURR—

Salesman: These shirts simply laugh at the laundry.

Customer: I know, I've had some come back with their sides split.

—Rice Owl.

—BURR—

Doctor: I can't prescribe whiskey unless I am convinced that you need it.

Student: I've got a blind date with a girl my aunt wants me to take to the Prom.

Kind Doctor: How much do you want?

—Punch Bowl.

—BURR—

Professor: Order, please!

Absent-minded Student: Hot beef sandwich.

—Belle Hop.

—BURR—

Him: I had a headache after that Algebra final.

Her: Kind of an aftermath, huh?

—Widow.

Kind O. M.: "And do you know why Santa Claus didn't bring you anything, little girl?"

Doll-faced child: "Yes, I trumped my father's ace in the bridge game last Christmas eve."

—Punch Bowl.

—BURR—

"Over 2,000 elephants were used to make billiard balls last year," claims a news item. Damn clever, these elephants!

—Banter.

—BURR—

"And when you married me you said there was a lot I had that you liked."

"Yep, but it's all spent now."

—Yellow Jacket.

—BURR—

The cashier of the Chicago Spickle Works burst into the office of the president.

"Mr. Heintz," he gasped, "hundreds of creditors are clamoring at our door, and we haven't a cent to pay them with. What will we do?"

"What will we do?" roared Mr. Heintz, "why we'll give them the works!"

—AwGwan.

—BURR—

Son: "Do you know, Dad, that in some parts of Africa a man doesn't know his wife until he marries her?"

Father (rather retrospectively): "Why single out Africa?"

—Texas A. & M. Battalion.

—BURR—

"When I was in China, I saw them hang a girl."

"Shanghai?"

"Hell, yes! Six feet off the ground!"

—Siren.

Oh Cow!

They laughed when I sat down at the cow, but
when I started to play—

—Jack-o-Lantern.

—BURR—

I have never made a girl angry at me while I was taking her riding. You ask if I have an automobile? Certainly I have a car, and I take girls riding every night. I always drive with one hand, but I never make any misunderstood advances toward the girl-friend. I never take them out on a moonlight night and ask them to give me a kiss while I am driving. I never throw my arms around them and then run into the ditch. I can never make the poor, dear little sweet innocents walk many weary miles through darkness home, on account of my driving with one hand. But I always drive with one hand—always do. You see, I have to hold my left fender on with the other.

—Bison.

—BURR—

"A little bird told me what kind of lawyer your uncle is."

"What did it say?"

"Cheep! Cheep!"

"Oh, yehhhh. Well, a duck just told me what kind of a doctor you pa is."

—Reserve Red Cat.

—BURR—

He was indignant. He called up the newspaper office: "I notice in today's paper that you have printed my death from flu."

"Is that so," replied the telephone girl, "and where are you speaking from now?"

—Aw Gwan.

—BURR—

'33—"About how many cigarettes do you smoke a day?"

'34—"Just any given number."

—Battalion.

—BURR—

A Pledge (who has borrowed active's car):
"Your car awaits without."

Active: "Without what?"

A Pledge: "Without a fender."

Notis: Funeral services will be held tomorrow for a pledge.

—Exchange.



—Oklahoma Whirlwind.

A screech of tires, a cry, a crash—and the horribly mangled form of the young engineer was dragged from under the bus. Limp, apparently lifeless, but with a tortured twist on his pale lips, he was carried to a nearby house and laid gently down. People talked in awed undertones, it was terrible; he was so young — and now — After what seemed an eternity to the anxious watchers, the closed eyelids twitched and agonized lips moved. A faint sigh, cut short by a spasm of pain, brought everyone to his side. He seemed to want to say something, he stirred, and whispered a labored, husky whisper, hard to detect, but sufficiently audible for the nearest listener to hear: "My slide rule—was it broken?"

—Puppet.

An undergraduate, seemingly a permanent fixture around the University, was showing his visiting parents around the campus.

"That," he explained, indicating a large brick house, "is the Chancellor's residence."

He pointed to some rooms on the second floor.

"That's the Chancellor's study," he said.

He next indicated a large window.

"That is the Chancellor's study window," he continued.

Then he removed one of the bricks from the Fourteenth Street pavement and threw it through the window. The glass broke with a startling crash, and instantly an old gentleman, his face purple with rage, appeared at the ruined window.

"And THAT," the undergraduate concluded imperturbably, "is 'Ernie' himself."

—Beanpot.

—BURR—

Prof.: "I will not begin today's lecture until the room settles down."

Voice from rear: "Go home and sleep it off, old man."

—Jack-o-Lantern.

—BURR—

"Does your husband ever take your little hand in his?"

"Yes, and twists it until I drop the gun."

—Davidson Yowl.

—BURR—

A short course in chemistry—

I think I know what Carbonate,

But where did Iodine?

—Yellow Jacket.

—BURR—

Shocked old lady: And on the way here we passed about twenty-five people in parked cars.

Young Hostess: Oh, I'm sure you are mistaken. It must have been an even number.

—Puppet.

—BURR—

"I'm stork mad," said the father of fifteen children.

—Rice Owl.

—BURR—

Chi Phi: "My old man is in the sap business."

Kappa Sig: "Well, he certainly did a good job of it."

—Green Gander.

Little Willie—"Mom, you said the baby had your eyes and daddy's nose didn't you?"

Mom—"Yes, darling."

Willie—"Well, you'd better keep your eye on'm. He's got grandpop's teeth now."

—Columbia Jester.

—BURR—

"Ann Hathaway," gently chortled Bill Shakespeare as he snuck up the stairs in his stocking feet.

—Lord Jeff.

—BURR—

Phi Delt: "Do you know that Phi Delta Theta maintains five homes for the feeble minded?"

Frosh: "I thought you had more chapter than that."

—Frivol.

—BURR—

The absent-minded professor who sent his wife to the bank and kissed his money good-bye wasn't so blamed absent-minded at that.

—Orange Peel.

—BURR—

Rudy Vallee will never be an old maid—he's married.

—Owl.



"ASK THE BLESSING WINSLOW, AND REMEMBER, NO PUNS."

—Lafayette Lyre.

Garage attendant (as auto drives up)—"Juice?"

Motorist—"Vell, vat if ve are?"

—Red Cat.

—BURR—

What a fellow needs nowadays is a girl who looks sweet enough not to eat.

—Beanpot.

—BURR—

English Prof: "Spell 'void'."

Student: "Well, vat is de void?"

—Dirge.

—BURR—

Another good place for zipper fasteners would be on string beans.

—Aw'gwan.

—BURR—

Absent-minded professor (coming home at night): Do I hear anyone?

Burglar (under bed): No.

Professor: That's odd; I was positive I heard someone under the bed.

—Longhorn.

—BURR—

She was only a sea captain's daughter, but she knew how to block and tackle.

—Drexerd.

—BURR—

Daniel: "What's this? Going hunting in your bare feet?"

Boone: "No, nit-wit, in my stalking feet."

—Log.

—BURR—

If you don't succeed at first, try playing second base.

—Beanpot.

The haughty Senior girl sniffed disdainfully as the tiny Freshman cut in. "And just why did you have to cut in when I was dancing?" she inquired nastily.

The Freshman hung his head with shame. "I'm sorry ma'am," he said, "but I'm working my way through college and your partner was waving a five-dollar bill at me."

—Northwestern Purple Parrot.

—BURR—

We were embarrassed the other day when the floorwalker reached over and slapped the saleslady over the bargain counter.

—Sour Owl.

—BURR—

"Can you imagine anyone sitting there like that and eating in front of the skunk cage? I don't see how they stand it."

"Perhaps they can't read."

—Lampoon.

—BURR—

He: "You see if we enter a companionate marriage we can live together a while and then, if we find we've made a mistake, we can separate."

She: "Yes, but . . . What will we do with the mistake?"

—Aw'gwan.

—BURR—

Maybe she's an engineer's daughter, but she has her stresses and strains.

—Widow.

—BURR—

A man went into Cohen's book store and asked. "Have you a copy of Who's Who and What's What, by Jerome K. Jerome?"

Cohen replied: "No, sir; but we got 'Who's He and Vat's He got,' by Bradstreet."

—Drexerd.



Weary of scenes like this?

—then lend us your ears

This is the time of year when you feel that the lights have shone on fair women and brave men for the last time, as far as you are concerned. The feet that have trod so many miles of dance floors begin to itch for a more exciting occupation. And Absorbine Jr. won't cure *that* itch. What you need is to apply the uneasy members to the controls of a new Chevrolet Six.

And what a thrill that is! At the lightest pressure on the accelerator, the Chevrolet leaps ahead like a startled fawn (ah there, Keats), devours the miles like a ravening tiger (howdy, Byron), and skims along as smoothly and quietly as a bird in flight (and you, too, Shelley).

To be less zoölogical, you get places in a hurry, laughing mockingly at heavy traffic the while. For Syncro-Mesh gear-shifting combined with Free Wheeling makes the new Chevrolet Six as responsive to your touch as a generous parent. And wherever you go, heads turn, for the new Chevrolet Six is one of the smartest cars on the road. Moreover, you won't have to pawn those discarded dress clothes to pay for one, since Chevrolet prices are among the lowest at which motor cars are sold!

So climb into a coat—anybody's coat—and go down and see the new Chevrolet Six. It's a guaranteed sure-fire cure for winter jitters.

Twenty beautiful new models, at prices ranging from \$475 to \$660

All prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich., special equipment extra. Low delivered prices and easy G. M. A. C. terms. Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan. Division General Motors.

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The Great American Value

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Oldest Bank in Bethlehem

MURDER IN THE STABLE

(Continued from Page 9)

ried upstairs piggy back by her boy-friend.

You settle down in the easiest chair at your table, three others join you, and a game is started. The Odd One, who caused all the fuss, cramps herself on the arm of your chair, breathes down your neck, and kibitzes your game for sixteen hands.

Now do you see where the fun is going to come in? The Odd One must be eliminated! Then, and only then, do the rules allow you to eliminate the One Who Hums to the Radio and The One Who Takes Her Bridge Seriously. This is Rule No. 23a, or Od's Bodkin, but a hammer or a bar of soap in the end of a sock may be substituted for a bodkin (a small dagger usually hidden in the shirt or corset.)

Now, drop one of your cards on the floor under the table, search vaguely for it until one of the women crosses her knees, and then, with an appealing gesture, ask the Odd One if she can locate it. She will get down on all fours under the table simpering "Oh, you men can't never find nothing!"

Right now—with the hammer. Perhaps an extra thump or a kick just to be sure, and then resume the game uninterrupted. The body is a fine substitute for a foot-stool. Easy, wasn't it?

At the inquest—you know how it is at inquests. What if you don't get invited to any more parties for awhile? You can practice up for Persons Who Do Card Tricks, and the Hostess Who Sings.

On your way home from the inquest the girl-friend will rub her nose on your lapel and murmur,

"—I just know you did it, even if the coroner couldn't pin it on you."

Now Electrocution is a good game—

—BURR—

Following close on the heels of Milton came Bunyon.

—Yellow Jacket.

—BURR—

A fire broke out in a deaf-and-dumb asylum, and one of the inmates broke his thumb yelling "Fire!"

—Log.

—BURR—

That's Something

"Can you cure my case of De-lerium tremens?"

"No, but I can make the snakes look smaller."

—Longhorn.

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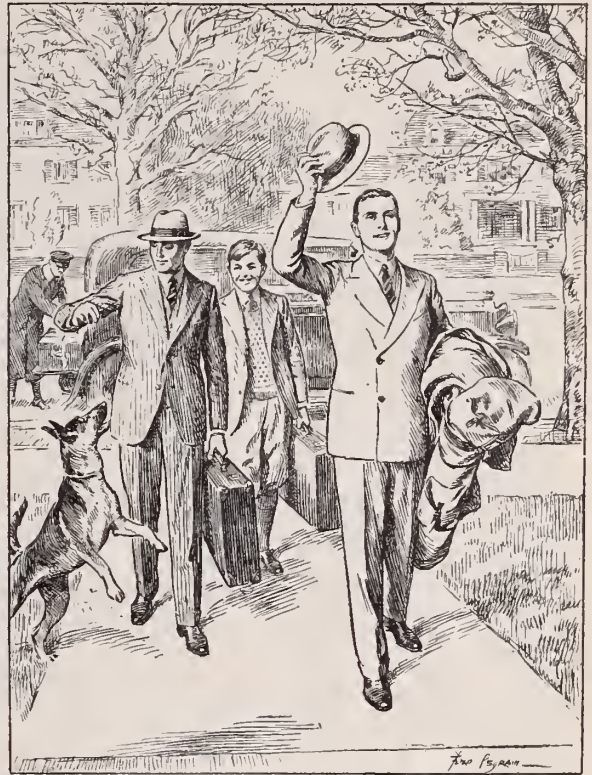
Three new styles of ready-made suits have been added to our stock for this Spring. The familiar Brooks Brothers' models are continued unchanged and are supplemented by these three new styles, which are both single and double breasted — some with plaited trousers — the coats more closely fitted and with squarer shoulders. Our traditional qualities of material and workmanship are maintained in the lowered prices for 1932.

\$50 to \$75

*Send for Folder of
"Spring Clothes"*

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© BROOKS BROTHERS

"I'm a somnambulist."

"That's all right; I'll go to my church after we're married and you can go to yours."

—Wisconsin Octopus.

—BURR—

"How old are you, Mary?"

"Fifteen."

"A girl of your age should tell her mother everything."

"I know it. But mother is so innocent, really I haven't the heart."

—Exchange.

—BURR—

Seated one day at his organ

Weary and ill at ease

The organist counted his pennies

While the monkey was hunting for fleas.

—Kitty Kat.

First Collegian (on board ship): "Yes, my writing is improving, I think. I am now contributing to the Atlantic Monthly."

Second schoolboy (leaning over rail): "That's nothing, I am contributing to the Atlantic daily."

—Wampus.

—BURR—

1st Prof.: "I hear Rastus was expelled for calling the dean a fish."

2nd Prof.: Yes, he kept saying to him: "Yes, sah, dean. Yes, sah, dean."

—Awgwan.

—BURR—

A passenger on a Southern train, looking under his berth one morning, found one black shoe and one tan, and summoned the porter.

The porter scratched his head in bewilderment.

"Well, if dat don't beat all!" he said, "dat's de second time this mawnin' dat mistake's happened."

—Wasp.

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ALLENTOWN, PENNA.



THO!

The editor of a small town newspaper explains the loss of the letter "s" from his composing room as follows:

Lath night thome thneaking thcoundrel thtole into our compothing room and pilfered the cabineth of all the ethetheth! Therefore we would like to take the advantage of thith opportunity to apologize to our readerth for the generally inthipid appearance of your paper. We would altho like to thtate that if anytime in the yearth to come we would thee thith dirty thnake-in-the-grathth about the premitheth, it would be to our complete and thorough thatithfaction to shoot him full of holeth. Thank you.

—Malteaser.

—BURR—

"Congratulations on your improved Cellophane wrapper. I can open it."—Edmund Lowe in Lucky Strike ad.

Congratulations, yourself, Edmund!

—Dirge.

SAIL FOR BERMUDA ON DUCHESS OF YORK.—Herald. She floats!

—Harvard Lampoon.

—BURR—

A professor of mathematics wrote this notice on the board of his class room: "Prof. A. will meet his classes at 2 p.m." A student erased the C and the notice read: "Prof. A. will meet his lasses at 2 p. m." When the professor came he noted the changed sentence, took his eraser and rubbed out the letter L.

—S. C. Wampus.

—BURR—

Teacher: The lady fed the milk to the cat. Algernon, what is the indirect object?

Algie: The kittens, dear teacher.

—Log.

—BURR—

Judge: Isn't this the fifth time you have been arrested for drunkenness?

Old Friend Sot: Don' ash me. I thought yoush keeping score.

—Sniper.

IRON AND STEEL PRODUCTS

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General Offices:  Bethlehem, Pa.

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Subsidiary of Bethlehem Steel Corporation

General Offices: Bethlehem, Pa.

NOW YOU TELL ONE

They were discussing dogs and the tales were getting "pretty tall" when one of the group took the lead.

"Smith," he said, "had a most intelligent dog. One night Smith's house caught fire. All was instant confusion. Old Smith and his wife flew for the children and bundled them out in quick order. Everyone was saved, but old Rover dashed back through the flames."

"Presently the noble animal reappeared, scorched and burned, with what do you think?"

"With the fire insurance policy wrapped in a damp towel, gentlemen."

"Give up" cried the eager listeners.

—Bored Walk.

— BURR —

"Can you imagine anybody going to bed with their shoes on?"

"Who does that?"

"The Army Mule."

—Log.

"Seems to me," said the little grapefruit, "you're too full of juice."

"I don't want any back talk from a little squirt like you," retorted the big grapefruit.

—Centre Colonel.

— BURR —

Psi: "Thish match won't light!"

Up: "Thash funny. It lit all right a few minutes ago."

—Siren.

— BURR —

Chi Phi: "My brother doesn't drink, smoke or swear."

K. A.: "Does he make all his own dresses, too?"

—Green Gander.

— BURR —

I met her in the garden,

The night was still as death,

I could tell she knew her onions

For I smelled them on her breath.

—Sour Owl.

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CLOTHES FOR YOUNG MEN

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FAMOUS LAST WORDS

William Jennings Bryan —

"They've made a monkey out of me."

Confucious—"I haven't a Chinaman's chance."

Caesar—"You brute!"

General Custer—"I can't stand this."

Cleopatra—"Oh, don't be an asp all your life."

Aimee McPherson—"Alas, I'm desert-ed."

Santa Claus—"So's your old man."

—"Juggler."

—BURR—

Waiter: Zoup, zoup, sir?

Diner: I don't know what you're talking about.

Waiter: Well, you know what hash is. Well, zoup is looser.

—Log.

—BURR—

Him: Who gave the bride away?

Shim: I could have, but I kept my mouth shut.

—Brown Jug.

"Here is a letter for you with a black border."

"Alas, my poor brother is dead."

"How do you know, you haven't read it yet?"

"No, but I recognize his handwriting."

—Rice Owl.

—BURR—

Little Willie was attending University Chapel with his father, when a minister arose and said a prayer.

"Daddy, why does that man pray for the school?"

"He doesn't. He looks at the faculty and prays for the students."

—Punch Bowl.

—BURR—

Absentminded Prof: "Didn't I meet your brother a few minutes ago . . . ?"

Guest: "No, sir. That was I."

Absentminded Prof: "Well, well, extraordinary resemblance, isn't it."

—Rice Owl.

THE SNEEZE SONG: ATCHOO BABY

Just a game at twilight
When our minds are low,
And the snappy stories
Softly come and go.
Though our hearts be weary,
(Classes are so tame)
We can play at twilight
This good old game,
This old collejut game.

—Flamingo.

—BURR—

Let's play house, huh? You be the door and I'll
slam you.

This one hurt.

Drexard.

—Burr.

—BURR—

Senior—I miss that old cuspidor I had in my room
last year.

Soph.—You always did.

—Siren.

—BURR—

Math. Prof.—Listen here, young man, are you
the professor of this class?

Frosh.—No, sir. I am not.

Math. Prof.—Then don't talk like an idiot.

—Log.

—BURR—

Eggs mark the spot where the hen laid.

—Sun Dial.

—BURR—

Swackhamer—Here is a riddle for you. What is
it that has four legs, when it is happy it purrs, it sits
on the back fence at night and yowls, and it has
wings?

Martin—Darned if I know. It sounds like a cat,
but what about the wings?

Swackhamer—Oh, the wings—I just put them on
to make it harder.

—Drexerd.

JUST A DUTY

Bill—The girl I am married to has a twin sister.

Mae—Gee! How do you tell 'em apart?

Bill—I don't try; it's up to the other one to look
out for herself.

—Drexerd.

—BURR—

"Do you sleep with your window up or down?"

"I don't sleep with my window at all."

—Kitty Kat.

—BURR—

"How did she know that you had halitosis?"

"She got wind of it somehow."

—Froth.

—BURR—

One: What do you mean the devil can not skate?

The other: How in hell can he?

—Puppet.

—BURR—

Ever hear of the young plumber who arrived at
the party and found he had forgotten his wench?

—Showme.

—BURR—

"She's a magetic person."

"Yeh! She ought to be—everything she wears is
charged!"

—Los Angeles Claw.

—BURR—

Cadet—Look me over, little girl. I'm a big West
Pointer.

Navy Girl—I don't care if you're an Irish Setter.

—Log.

—BURR—

"I see by the paper that nine professors and one
student were killed in a wreck."

"Poor chap."

—Mugwump.

O'REILLY'S

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Little Bo-Peep

Is losing sleep,

Running around to dances.

Let her alone,

And she'll come home,

A victim of circumstances.

—Sun Dial.

—BURR—

FOR THE FINEST IN THE LINE OF MEATS

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HAFNER MEAT COMPANY

Special Rates to Fraternities

Five Points
Phone 1869

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First Cow (to other in stockyard): "Why did you choose this for a career?"

Second Kine: "I didn't—I got roped in."

—Dirge.

—BURR—

Wanted:

Tow tutors—tutor-tutored tutors—tutored to tutor two tutors two too-tutored tutees.

—Lampoon.

—BURR—

"Was that a ladle I seen you eatin' with last night?"

"That was no ladle, that was my knife."

—Awgwan.

THEY SATISFY

"This is the skull of a man who was ship-wrecked for two years on a desert island with two chorus girls."

"How did he die?"

"He wore himself out tearing down the signals they put up."

—Red Cat.

—BURR—

"Hey, Percy, you took the wrong medicine — drank the horse liniment."

"Oh, dear me, what an ass I am!"

—Jester.

—BURR—

You may be the apple of your mother's eye, but to me you're not even a peeling.

—Red Cat.



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Let's all go to Turkey...



In every important tobacco-growing center of Turkey, Chesterfield has its own tobacco buyers.

Eastward ho! Four thousand miles nearer the rising sun—let's go! To the land of mosques and minarets. Let's see this strange, strange country. Let's see the land where the tobacco* grows in small leaves on slender stalks—to be tenderly picked, leaf by leaf, hung in long fragrant strings, shelter-dried and blanket-cured. Precious stuff!

Let's taste that delicate aromatic flavor—that subtle difference that *makes* a cigarette!

XANTHI • CAVALLA • SMYRNA • SAMSOON Famous Turkish Tobaccos

*Turkish tobacco is to cigarettes what seasoning is to food—the "spice," the "sauce."

You can *taste* the Turkish in Chesterfield—there's enough of it, that's why. Four famous kinds of Turkish leaf—Xanthi, Cavalla, Smyrna, Samsoun—go

into the smooth, "spicy" Chesterfield blend. Just one more reason for Chesterfield's *better taste*. Tobaccos from far and near, the best of their several kinds—and the *right* kinds.

That's why Chesterfields are GOOD—they've got to be and they *are*.



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Music that Satisfies
Every night (except Sunday), 10:30
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Finest Turkish and Domestic Tobaccos Blended and Cross-Blended

★ *NOW, AS THEN, ARROW SETS THE STYLE* ★



Here, preserved for posterity, is an exhibit entitled: "The Younger Country Club Set, Vintage of 1911". While the choke collar of the Intrepid Motorist today inspires only laughter, it was a different story in those days of open-work roadsters. As the crowning touch of the well-dressed men, this collar inspired the envy of less smartly turned-out males—and the admiration of the other sex. For then—as now—the style was set by Arrow.



The gentleman here is wearing the Arrow Trump. Its trim-fitting, smart-looking collar is heir to all the style secrets Arrow has learned in tailoring four billion collars. Of specially woven broadcloth, the Trump comes in white, stripes and plain colors. At \$1.95, it is America's best shirt value. A companion to the Trump is the Gordon—an oxford shirt with either plain or button-down collar. In white, and plain colors, \$1.95.

Wear Arrow Shirts and you won't have to consign shrunken shirts to the poor but worthy janitor's boy. For Arrow Shirts are shrunk by the Sanforizing Process—the only process of its kind—a process that guarantees permanent fit, no matter how often the shirt is laundered—or your money back. And Arrow fit is something to write home about. Carefully tailored shoulders. No bulging at the waist. Sleeve

lengths to suit any arm, and that *stay* the same length forever. And that snug, smart fit about the collar that seems to be an Arrow copyright . . . To be sure that you're getting an Arrow Shirt, look for the Arrow label. Remember, if it hasn't an Arrow label, it isn't an Arrow Shirt.

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ARROW SHIRTS *SANFORIZED*
SHRUNK

Guaranteed to fit you PERMANENTLY — or your money back

